Bull. Why B. is Norffolke dead?
Carl. As ſurely as I liue my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweete ſoule to the boſome,
Of good olde Abraham: Lords Appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your daies of triall. *Enter Yorke.*
Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing ſoule,
Adopts the heire, and his high ſcepter yeeldes,
To the poſſeſsion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.
Bull. In Gods name Ile aſcend the regall throne.
Car. Mary God forbid.
Worſt in this royall preſence may I ſpeake.
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth,
Would God that any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge
Of noble Richard. Then true nobleſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong,
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King:
And who ſits here that is not Richards ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudgd but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them,
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſty,
His Captaine, ſteward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted, many yeares
Be iudgd by ſubiect and inferiour breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian climate ſoules refinde,
Should ſhew ſo heinous blacke obſceene a deed
I ſpeake to ſubiects and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him let me propheſie,
The bloud of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for this foule act,

Peace ſhall go ſleepe wi
And in this ſeate of peac
Shall kin with kin, and
Diſorder, horror, feare,
Shall heere inhabit, and
The field of Golgotha a
Oh if you raiſe this houſe
It will the wofulleſt diu
That euer fell vpon this c
Preuent it, reſiſt it, let
Leſt child, childs childre
North. Well haue you
Of Capitall treaſon, we
My Lord of Weſtminſt
To keepe him ſafely till
Bull. Let it be ſo, and
We ſolemnly proclaime
Lords be ready all.
Manent We
Abbot. A wofull Pag
Car. The woe's to com
Shall feele this day as ſha
Aum. You holy Clerg
To ridde the realme of
Abbot. My Lo. befor
You ſhall not onely take
To burie mine intents, b
What euer I ſhall happe
I ſee your browes are ful
Your harts of ſorrow, an
Come home with me to
Shall ſhew vs all a merri
Enter the Que
Quee. This way the K
To Iulius Cæſars ill ere
To wohſe flint boſome,
Is doomde a priſoner by

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